**The Time Eater**

She’s not
just a cat or a cat’s color black, not a number
of rings or rounds.
All the yeslets in their nests must
yes, acquiesce: silence
knows the sound.

She’s sitting like a cistern beside me.
For silence knows how long.
The counter-clock,
unraveling, makes a tick
like her chittering crowtalk.

Less cat than cut, she’s a dark
remark, a nap
underneath a piano: the drain
whole days
like money
and rain
and the plural
of down

is again.
The drain.
Whole days.
Money and rain.
Silence makes
a mean companion.